A PLAN of

Mr. POPE's GARDEN,

As it was left at his Death:

WITH A

PLAN and Perſpective VIEW of the

GROTTO.

All taken by J. SERLE, *his Gardener.*

WITH

An Account of all the Gems, Minerals, Spars, and Ores of which it is compoſed, and from whom and whence they were ſent.

To which is added,

A Character of all his WRITINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-mall*; and Sold by M. COOPER in *Paternoſter-Row.* 1745.

[Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]

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PRESENTED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITANNICUM MUSEUM
1848
LIBRARY

An Account of [illegible] Minerals, Spars,
and Ores of which it is compos'd; The [illegible]
whom and where they [illegible].

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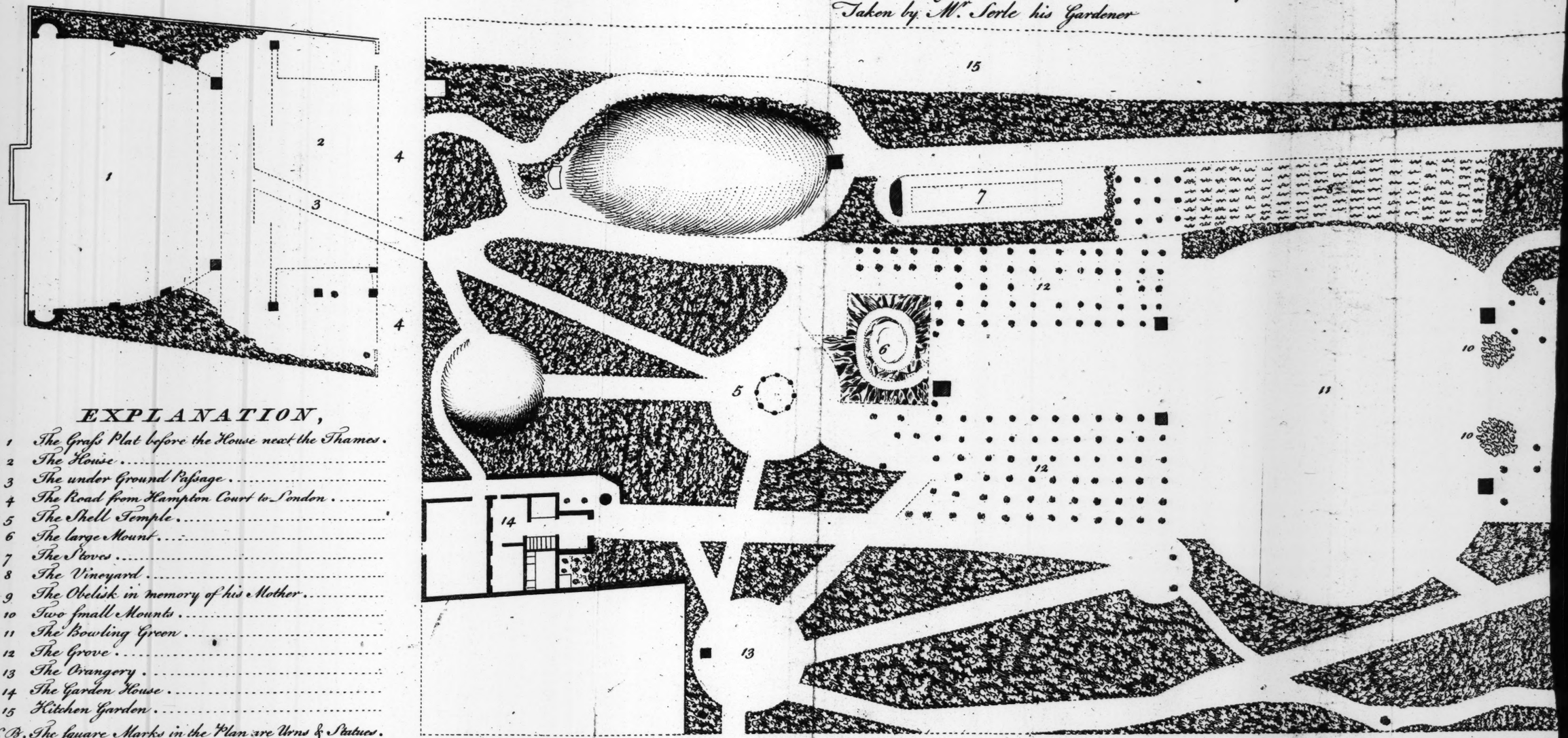
[Price 1 s.]

A Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden as it was left at his Death

Taken by Mr. Serle his Gardener



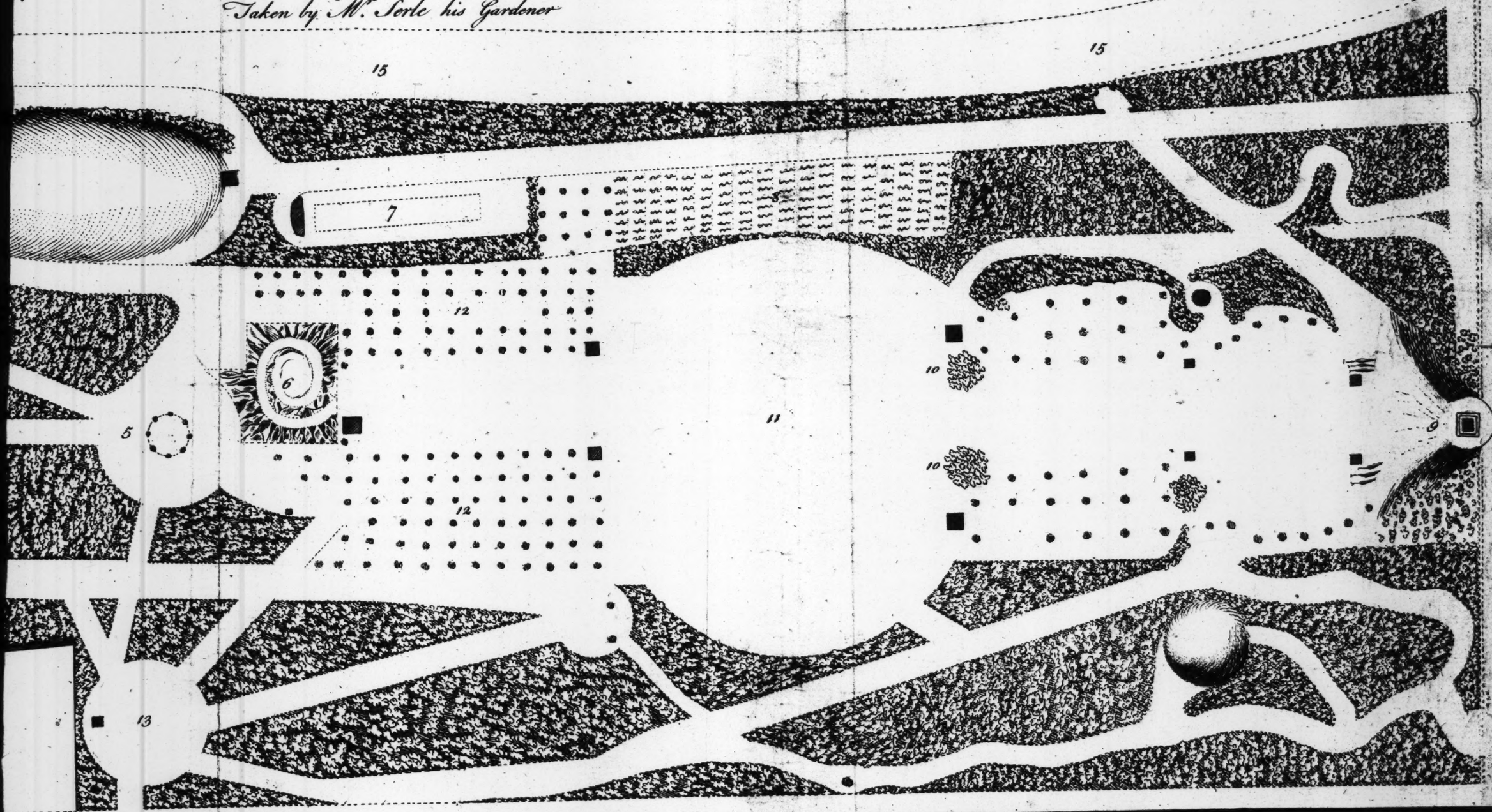
EXPLANATION,

1 The Grass Plat before the House next the Thames.
2 The House
3 The under Ground Passage
4 The Road from Hampton Court to London
5 The Shell Temple
6 The large Mount
7 The Stoves
8 The Vineyard
9 The Obelisk in memory of his Mother
10 Two small Mounts
11 The Bowling Green
12 The Grove
13 The Orangery
14 The Garden House
15 Kitchen Garden

N.B. The square Marks in the Plan are Urns & Statues.

# of M.r Pope's Garden as it was left at his Death

Taken by M.r Serle his Gardener



A N

Account of the MATERIALS which compoſe the GROTTO.

*---*Secretum iter et fallentis ſemita vitæ.* HOR.

Numb. I.

AT the Entrance of the Grotto, next the Garden, are various ſorts of Stones thrown promiſcuouſly together, in imitation of an old Ruine; ſome full of Holes, others like Honey-combs, which came from *Ralph Allen*'s, Eſq; at *Widcomb* near *Bath*. Several fine Foſſils and Snake-ſtones, with petrified Wood, and Moſs in various Shapes, from the petrifying Spring at *Nasborough* in *Yorkſhire*, by the Reverend Doctor *Key*. Fine Verd Antique from *Egypt*, with ſeveral ſorts of *Italian* ſparry Marble of diverſe Colours. Amethyſts, ſeveral Clumps of different Forms, with ſome fine Pieces of White Spar, from her Grace the Ducheſs of *Cleveland* at *Rabey*-Caſtle in *Weſtmoreland*. Some fine Pieces of *German* Spar intermixt with Yellow Mundic, with Moſs, and ſome *Engliſh* Pebbles. In the Center is a fine Spring.

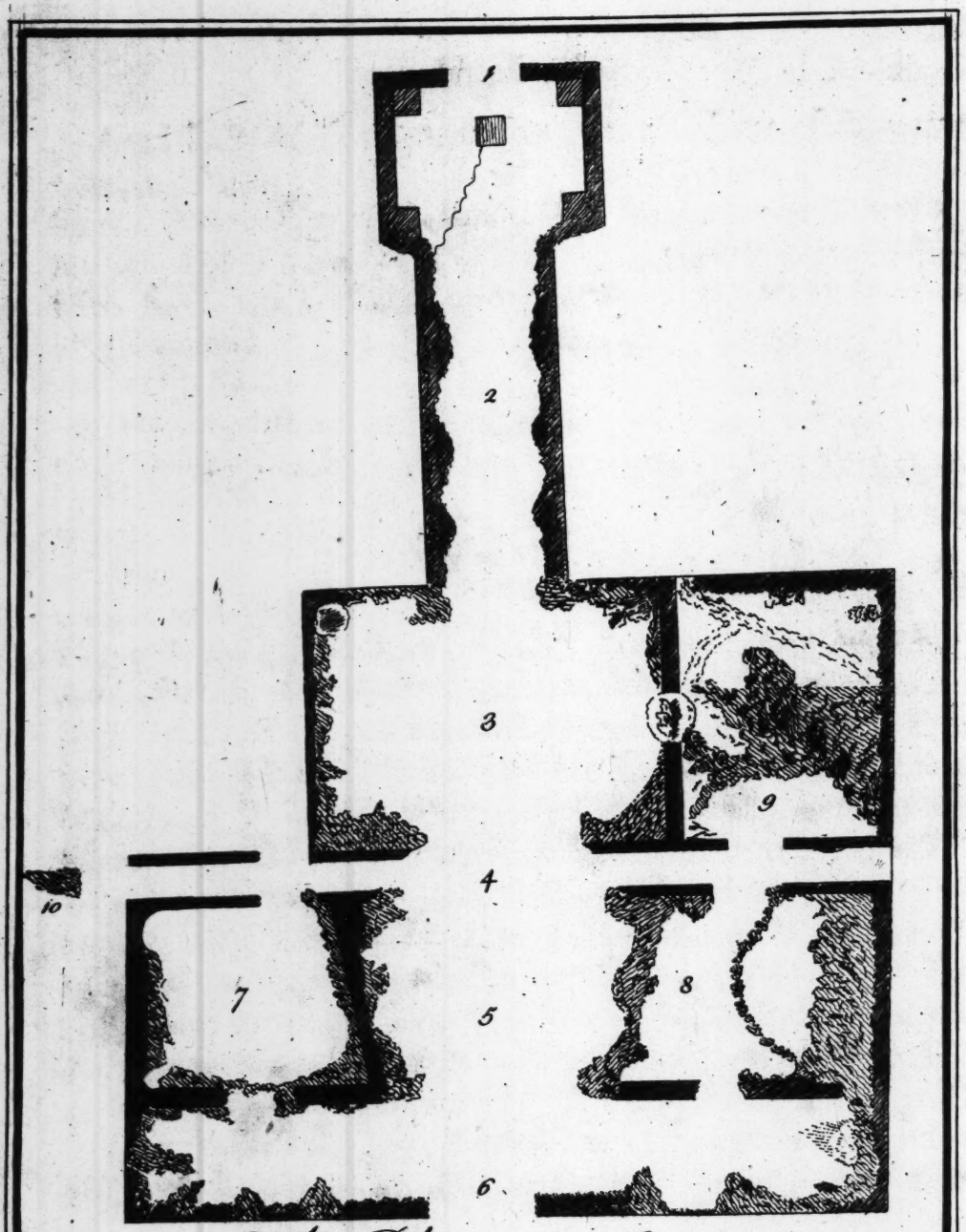
* *The Motto over the Enterance from the Garden.*

Numb. II.

Are Flints, Moſs of many ſorts, many Pieces of *Plymouth* Marble of different Colours, from Mr. *Cooper* of that Place; ſeveral Pieces of well-choſen things from the Glaſs-Houſe; ſeveral fine Flakes of Gold Clift, from Mr. *Cambridge*; with ſeveral fine Pieces of White Spar, from the Ducheſs of *Cleveland*.

Numb. III.

Many ſmall Dice of Mundic and Tin Oar; two ſorts of yellow flaky Copper; one ſhewing, by the different Strata of Metal, that different Maſſes of Copper will, tho' concreted at different times, unite cloſe into one Globe or Lump. Several Groups of *Corniſh* Diamonds incruſted, ſemipellucid, and ſhot round a Globe of Yellow Copper. Many thick Incruſtations of ſhot Spar of a Yellowiſh Caſt, ſprinkled with ſmall Cubes of Mundic, Lead Ore, Kallan, or Wild Iron. Many fine Pieces of Yellow Mundic, ſeveral ſmall *Corniſh* Diamonds tinged with a blackiſh Water, and others with a green Water. Several large Groups of *Corniſh* Diamonds, very tranſparent, from the Rev. Dr. *William Borlace* of *Ludgvan* in *Cornwall*. Many fine large Pieces of Red Spar out of Colonel *Stapleton*'s Lead-Mine, from *George Littleton*, Eſq; Fine Petrifactions from *Gilbert Weſt*, Eſq; at *Weſt Wickham* in *Kent*; fine Incruſtations from Mr. *Allen*'s Quarries; and ſeveral Pieces of ſparry Marble of different Colours from *Plymouth*; with many large *Corniſh* Diamonds



A Plan of the Grotto.

Torle delin

Diamonds and other Petrifactions, which form two fine Rocks with Water diſtilling from them.

Numb. IV.

Fine ſparry Marble from Lord *Edgcumb*'s Quarry, with different ſorts of Moſs. Several fine Pieces of the Eruptions from Mount *Veſuvius*, and a fine Piece of Marble from the Grotto of *Egeria* near *Rome*, from the Reverend Mr. *Spence*; with ſeveral fine Petrifactions and *Plymouth* Marble, from Mr. *Cooper*. Gold Clift from Mr. *Cambridge* in *Glouceſterſhire*; and ſeveral fine Brain-Stones from Mr. *Miller* of *Chelſea*.

Numb. V.

Many Pieces of ſparry Marble of diverſe Colours; and between each Courſe of Marble, many kinds of Ores, ſuch as Tin Ore, Copper Ore, Lead Ore, Soapy Rock, Kallan, and Wild Lead intermixed, with large Clumps of *Corniſh* Diamonds, and ſeveral ſmall ones of different Degrees of Tranſparency. The ſeveral ſorts of figur'd Stones are rich white Spars, interlaced with black Cockle, or Spars ſhot into Priſms of different Degrees of Waters. Some very particular ſorts of Foſſils, of different Sizes and Colours; Copper Ore of a fine Purple Colour; ſeveral fine Pieces of granated white Mundic, intermixed with plain Spar in a Copper Bed. A very uncommon ſort of Mundic mix'd, or rather inclos'd in Wild Lead; ſeveral thin Cruſts or Films of bright Spar, form'd on a Surface before ſhot into Protuberances; a Lump of Yellow Copper, that has

a very ſingular Cruſt of Spar; ſome Grains of Mundic interſpers'd, of different Colours, ſome Yellow, ſome Purple, and others of a deep Blue inclining to Black; all from the Reverend Dr. *William Borlace*. Several fine *Briſtol* Stones of different Colours, ſome of a dark Brown, others of a Yellow Caſt, *&c.* from Mrs *Broxholme*; and ſeveral fine Incruſtations from Mr. *Allen*.

Numb. VI.

Several large Pieces of fine Cryſtal intermix'd with Yellow Mundic; a fine Piece of Spar interwoven like many Oyſter-ſhells, and intermix'd with White Mundic; a fine Piece of Spar with a Mixture of Copper interwoven like a fine Lace; ſeveral Pieces of Cryſtal with a brown Incruſtation and a Mixture of Mundic, from the *Hartz* Mines in *Germany*; a fine Piece of Gold Ore from the *Peruvian* Mines; Silver Ore from the Mines of *Mexico*; ſeveral Pieces of Silver Ore from *Old Spain*; ſome large Pieces of Gold Clift, from Mr. *Cambridge* in *Glouceſterſhire*. Lead Ore, Copper Ore, white Spar, petrified Wood, *Brazil* Pebbles, *Egyptian* Pebbles and Blood-ſtones, from Mr. *Brinſden*. Some large Clumps of Amethyſt, and ſeveral Pieces of White Spar, from the Ducheſs of *Cleveland*. Some fine Pieces of Red Spar, ſeveral fine Iſicles, and ſeveral ſorts of Foſſils, from *George Littleton*, Eſq; Many Pieces of Coral and petrified Moſs, and many other curious Stones from the Iſland of *St. Chriſtopher* in the *Weſt Indies*; with ſeveral Humming Birds and their Neſts, from *Antony Brown*, Eſq; of *Abbs-Court* in *Surrey*. *Plymouth* Marble of different Colours, one fine *Corniſh* Diamond from the Prince's

Prince's Mine in *Cornwall*, near a Hundred Weight, from the Reverend Dr. *Askew*. Several fine Pieces of Yellow Mundic; ſome Purple Copper ſtained by Mineral Water; two Stones from the *Giants Cauſeway* in *Ireland*, from Sir *Hans Sloan*; ſome Pieces of petrified Wood, with Coral and petrified Moſs round a Baſon of Water.

Numb. VII.

Different Kinds of *Italian* Marble, many fine *Kerry* Stones of different Waters, with ſeveral fine Foſſils from *Ireland*, from the Earl of *Orrery*. Many Flakes of White Spar and Mother-Amethyſt, from the Ducheſs of *Cleveland*. The Roof of ſmall Stones incruſted over, out of the River *Thames*. Some ſquare Dice of Mundic, ſeveral Pieces of Silver Ore from *Old Spain*, with ſeveral ſorts of Moſs.

Numb. VIII.

Different ſorts of Sparry Marble from *Italy*; ſeveral large Stones interwoven like Honey-combs, and others like old broken Pillars; many large Pieces of *Plymouth* Marble, *German* Spar, and Spar from *Norway*, by Mr. *Afterloney*. The Roof of Purple Spar, and ſome Yellow Spar, and ſeveral fine ſquare Dice of Mundic, from Mr. *Ord*'s Mines in *Yorkſhire*. And round a Piece of Water are fixed different Plants, ſuch as Maidenhair, Hartstongue, Fern, and ſeveral other Plants, intermix'd with many Petrifactions, and ſome uncommon *Corniſh* Diamonds, from Lord *Godolphin*'s great Copper-works in *Ludgvan*.

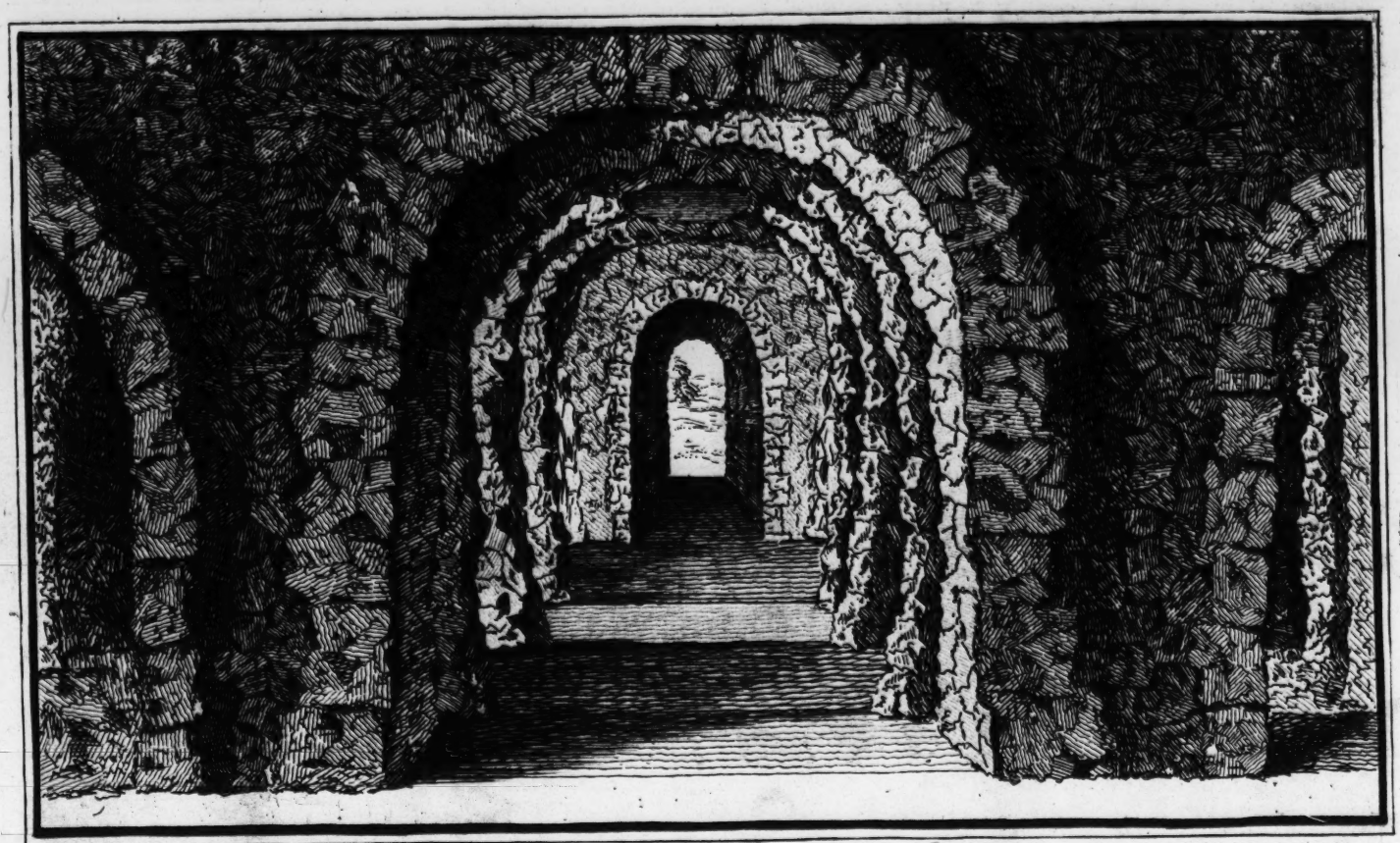
Numb. IX.

Some very natural Rock-work, compiled of Flints and Cinders, from the Glaſs-houſes, Furnaces, *&c.* with ſome Grains of Mundic artfully mixed with White Spar.

Numb. X.

A fine and very uncommon Petrifaction from *Okey-Hole* in *Somerſetſhire*, from Mr. *Bruce*.

VERSES



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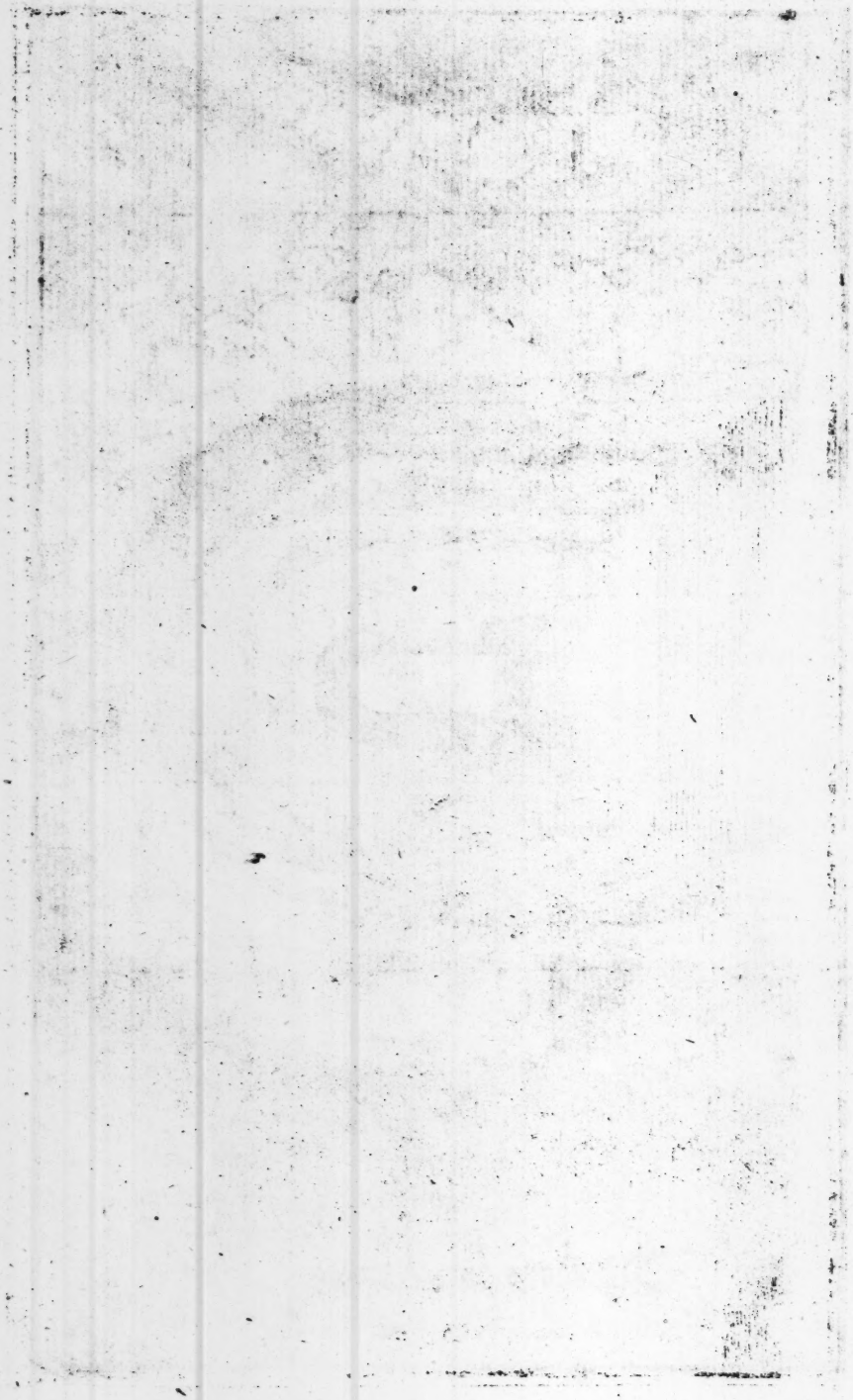
A Perspective View of the Grotto.



VERSES

UPON THE

GROTTO at *Twickenham.*

I.

VERSES *on a* GROTTO *by the River* Thames, *at* Twickenham, *compoſed of Marbles, Spars and Minerals.*

By Mr. POPE.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent Wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where lingering Drops from Mineral Roofs diſtill,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gemms no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a Wiſh for Gold.
Approach: But aweful! Lo th'*Ægerian* Grott,
Where, nobly-penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where *Britiſh* Sighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright Flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

ANTRI

II.

ANTRI in littore Thameſino, Marmoribus, Metallis, & Gemmis ornati, INSCRIPTIO.

HIC ubi ſubluſtri ſylvæ nutantis in umbra,
Lucentes pandit Thameſis unda ſinus;
Qua pendet tectis Gemmarum *plurima cuſpis,*
Et lymphæ abrumpit, ſubſilientis iter;

Marmora *qua nondum luxu violata renident,*
Innocuuſque vibrant cæca Metalla *faces:*
NATURÆ *ingenuæ ſcrutare recondita dona,*
Effoſſas aude temnere Divitias.

Eece hoſpes, et ſacræ Genium venerare Cavernæ!
LÆLIUS *hic, volvens magna, ſedere ſolet:*
Hic gemuit WYNDHAM *Patriæ percuſſus Amore;*
Et te, MARCHMONTI! *vivida flamma rapit.*

I pecus hinc venale! loco vos fingite dignos
Qui Patriam colitis, Pauperiemque probam.

III.

The Same Imitated in Sapphicks.

SISTE, quà latè *Thameſis* per Antri
Tecta tranſlucet, tenuiſque Lympha,
Pumices inter nitidæque Lamnæ
Semina, lento

Rore prorepit, tacitiſque furtìm
Labitur guttis, pede mox crepante
Deſilit præceps, rudibuſque Gemmis
Fracta renidet:

Siſte; NATURÆ ſtudioſus Hoſpes,
Ima quas Tellus meliora venâ
Promit inſontes, nec avarus Auri,
Suſpice Gazas.

Solus hic ſacri requieſcat Antri
Sede, qui, Muſæ Patriæque amore
Captus, infames benè pauper audet
Spernere acervos.

IV.

Επιγραφὴ εἰς Ανλεγν. *By* W. H.

ΕΙ ἰσῇς, πῶ, Ξεῖνε, διαύγεα ὕδαλος ἀργαὶ
Μαρμαρυγαὶ σίλβωσι διὰ σπέος, ὥσπερ ἔνοπλα,
Ενθα δὲ καὶ γλίχρως ὑψηρεφέων κατὰ λαῶν
Ρανὶς ἄκυσα ῥέει, κὴ χρυσάλλοιο ἀκωκὴ
Αμφήκης ἀνακλᾷ ὑδάτων ϛαγόνας πολύχρωλας·
Μάργαρ' ὅπυ τὰ ἄκομψα τρυφῇ σέλας ὠκὶ παράχει,
Κ' ἀβλαβέως χωρισὰ μέταλλά γε λαμπετόωντα.
Παυλοίης φύσεως ἐπίηδὲς δῶρα θεώρει,
Θαπλόμενόν τε χρυσὸν διαλήρει, γλιχόμενός μη·
Αγνῶς, κὴ καθαρῶς απέει ἔγχισαι Αιχερίης, ὃ
Λάιλιος ἐζόμενος πολλ' ἐσονάχησε βαθύφρων·
Ου κὴ Τιμολέονλι ὑφ' ἵμερος ὧρλο ὀδύνης,
Καὶ πυρὶ εἴκελος Αιμιλίοιο δήλασεν ἦτορ.
Τοῖς μύνοις θέμις ἐς' ἱερὸν τό γε ὅδας ἱκέσθαι,
Οι τολμῶσι φιλεῖν πενίην, κὴ πατρίδα γαῖαν.

V.

HORTI POPIANI: Ode Sapphica.

POPII fas ſit nemus & penates
Ingredi; quamvis ſtrepitum malignæ
Plebis hic grato vacuus ſub Antro
Spernit & arcet.

Ipſe, Muſarum comes ac virentis
Hortuli cultor, per amœna Vatis
Rura vicini pede non profano,
Dum licet, errem.

Quo duces, quo me rapitis, Camœnæ,
Saxeis lætum latebris, & arctæ
Calle Speluncæ, Thamiſisque fluctu
Prætereuntis?

Me levis Lymphæ trepidante rivo
Sparge; muſcoſi mihi, Naï, venas
Fontis & ſacros penitus Cavernæ
Pande receſſus:

Eſt tuum feſſi recreare nervos
Ingenî : nec vos, Lemures, coruſcis
Dedecet Conchis Domino Coronam
Nectere veſtro.

Quis procul ſummo Lapis in vireto
Candet ? agnoſco memoris Querelæ
Signa, & inciſam meritâ Parentis
Laude Columnam.

Quo vagor ? magnis ſimulata cernam
Tecta, Apum ſedes ? Caveamne, lentis
Quà Salix ramis, tremulâque mœrens
Imminet Umbrâ ?

An toros Herbæ magis ? an comantis
Copiam Sylvæ, nitidæque Lauri
Plurimum mirer Decus ? an patentis
Læve Palœſtræ

Gramen ? O ! quis Me in ſpeculâ reponet
Frondei collis, juga qui decoræ
Villulis SHENÆ, vitreumque latè
Proſpicit Amnem !

Illius ritu ferar O ! perrenni
Fonte decurrens ; nec iners, nec acer ;
Plenus, at ripæ patiens, profundo
Flumine purus.

Quid novâ poſco prece ? Me procacis
Barbiti ſolers leviore cantu
Muſa, Me nugis voluit jociſque
Fallere curas.

Littore hoc ſaltèm viridante tecum
Confidens, FLACCUM videar tueri ;
Dicta depaſcar tua, ſub Cavernæ
Tegmine POPI.

VI.

The Cave of POPE: *A Prophecy.*

By *R. DODSLEY.*

WHEN dark Oblivion in her ſable Cloak
Shall wrap the Names of Heroes and of Kings;
And their high Deeds, ſubmitting to the Stroke
Of Time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten Things;

Then (for the Muſe that diſtant Day can ſee)
On *Thames*'s Bank the Stranger ſhall arrive,
With curious Wiſh thy ſacred Grott to ſee,
Thy ſacred Grott ſhall with thy Name ſurvive.

Grateful Poſterity, from Age to Age,
With pious Hand the Ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old Man, to each enquiring Sage
Pointing the Place, ſhall cry, "The Bard liv'd there,

"Whoſe

" Whoſe Song was Muſic to the liſtening Ear,
" Yet taught audacious Vice and Folly, Shame;
" Eaſy his Manners, but his Life ſevere;
" His Word alone gave Infamy or Fame.

" Sequeſter'd from the Fool, and Coxcomb-Wit,
" Beneath this ſilent Roof the Muſe he found;
" 'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſate and writ,
" Here with his Friends the ſocial Glaſs went round."

With awful Veneration ſhall they trace
The Steps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend Wonder view the ſolemn Place,
From whence thy Genius ſoar'd to Nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall Gem, or Moſs, or ſhining Ore,
Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their Friends, on every diſtant Shore,
Boaſting a Relick from the Cave of POPE.

A CHA-

A

Character of Mr. POPE's Writings:

BEING

An Epiſode from the Poem call'd SICKNESS,

Book II.

——————————In meaſur'd Time
(So Heav'n has will'd) together with their Snows,
The everlaſting Hills ſhall melt away:
This ſolid Globe diſſolve, as ductile Wax
Before the Breath of *Vulcan*; like a Scroll
Shrivel th' unfolded Curtains of the Sky;
Thy Planets, NEWTON, tumble from their Spheres;
The Moon be periſht from her bloody Orb;
The Sun himſelf, in liquid Ruin, ruſh
And deluge with deſtroying Flames the Globe——
Peace then, my Soul, nor grieve that POPE is dead.

If 'ere the tuneful Spirit, ſweetly ſtrong,
Spontaneous Numbers, teeming in my Breaſt,
Enkindle; O, at that exalting Name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While, in the Gratitude of Praiſe, I ſing
The Works and Wonders of this Man Divine.
I tremble while I write——His liſping Muſe
Surmounts the loftieſt Efforts of my Age.
What Wonder? when an Infant, he apply'd
The loud [a] *Papinian* Trumpet to his Lips,
Fir'd by a ſacred Fury, and inſpir'd
With all the God, in ſounding Numbers ſung
"Fraternal Rage, and guilty *Thebes*' Alarms."
Sure at his Birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his Cradle wove the Dance,
And led the Maze of Harmony: the Nine,
Prophetick of his future Honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his Lips, *Caſtalian* Dews;
And *Attic* Bees their golden Store diſtill'd.

[a] *Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of* STATIUS's THEBAIS.

The

The Soul of HOMER, ſliding from its Star,
Where, radiant, over the Poetic World
It rules and ſheds its Influence, for Joy
Shouted, and bleſs'd the Birth: the ſacred Choir
Of Poets, born in elder, better Times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating Sound,
And roll'd the gladd'ning News from Sphere to Sphere.
[b] Imperial *Windſor!* on thy Brow auguſt,
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry Head;
And bid thy Foreſts dance, and nodding, wave
A verdant Teſtimony of thy Joy:
A native ORPHEUS warbling in thy Shades.
O liſten to [c] ALEXIS' tender Plaint!
How gently rural! without Coarſeneſs, plain;
How ſimple in his Elegance of Grief!
A Shepherd, but no Clown. His every Lay
Sweet as the early Pipe along the Dale,
When Hawthorns bud, or on the thymy Brow
When all the Mountains bleat, and Vallies ſing.

[b] Windſor *Foreſt: Mr.* POPE *born there.* [c] *Paſtorals.*

Soft as the Nightingale's harmonious Woe.
In dewy Even-tide, when Cowſlips drop
Their ſleepy Heads, and languiſh in the Breeze.
[d] Next in the Critic-Chair ſurvey him thron'd,
Imperial in his Art, preſcribing Laws
Clear from the knitted Brow, and ſquinted Sneer;
Learn'd, without Pedantry; correctly bold,
And regularly eaſy. Gentle, now,
As riſing Incenſe, or deſcending Dews,
The variegated Echo of his Theme:
Now, animated Flame commands the Soul
To glow with ſacred Wonder. Pointed Wit
And keen Diſcernment form the certain Page.
Juſt, as the STAGYRITE; as HORACE, free;
As FABIAN, clear; and as PETRONIUS, gay.
[e] But whence thoſe Peals of Laughter ſhake the Sides
Of decent Mirth? Am I in Fairy-land?
Young, evaneſcent Forms, before my Eyes,
Or ſkim, or ſeem to ſkim; thin Eſſences

Of

[d] *Eſſay on Criticiſm.* [e] *Rape of the Lock.*

Of fluid Light; Zilphs, Zilphids, Elves and Gnomes;
Genii of *Roſicruce* and Ladies' Gods!-----
And, lo, in ſhining Trails BELINDA's Hair,
Beſpangling with diſhevel'd Beams the Skies,
Flames o'er the Night. Behind, a Satyr grins,
And, jocund, holds a Glaſs, reflecting, fair,
Hoops, Croſſes, Mattadores; Beaux, Shocks, and Belles,
Promiſcuouſly whimſical and gay.
TASSONI, hiding his diminiſh'd Head,
Droops o'er the laughing Page: while BOILEAU ſkulks,
With Bluſhes cover'd, low beneath the Deſk.
More [f] mournful Scenes invite. The milky Vein
Of amorous Grief devolves its placid Wave
Soft-ſtreaming o'er the Soul, in weeping Woe
And Tenderneſs of Anguiſh. While we read
Th' infectious Page, we ſicken into Love,
And languiſh with involuntary Fires.
The Zephyr, panting on the ſilken Buds
Of breathing Violets; the Virgin's Sigh,

Roſy

[f] OVID's SAPPHO *to* PHAON: *And* ELOISE *to* ABELARD.

Roſy with Youth, are turbulent and rude,
To SAPPHO's Plaint, and ELOÏSA's Moan.
Heav'ns! what a Flood of empyréal Day
My aking Eyes involves! A [g] Temple ſoars,
Riſing like Exhalations, on a Mount,
And, wide, its adamantine Valves expands.
Three monumental Columns, bright in Air,
Of figur'd Gold, the Center of the Quire
With Luſtre fill. POPE on the midmoſt ſhines
Betwixt his HOMER and his HORACE plac'd,
Superior, by the Hand of Juſtice. FAME,
With all her Mouths th' eternal Trumpet ſwells,
Exulting at his Name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty Notes of never-dying Praiſe,
Triumphant, floating on the Wings of Wind,
Sweet o'er the World: th' ambroſial Spirit flies
Diffuſive, in its Progreſs wid'ning ſtill,
" Dear to the Earth, and grateful to the Sky."
FAME owes him more than e'er ſhe can repay:

She

[g] *Temple of* FAME.

She owes her very Temple to his Hands;
Like *Ilium* built; by Hands no leſs divine!
Attention, rouze thyſelf! the Maſter's Hand,
(The Maſter of our Souls!) has chang'd the Key,
And bids the Thunder of the Battle roar
Tumultuous [h]. HOMER, HOMER is our own!
And *Grecian* Heroes flame in *Britiſh* Lines.
What Pomp of Words! what nameleſs Energy
Kindles the Verſe; invigours every Line;
Aſtoniſhes, and overwhelms the Soul
In Tranſport toſt! when fierce ACHILLES raves,
And flaſhes, like a Comet, o'er the Field,
To wither Armies with his martial Frown.
I ſee the Battle rage; I hear the Wheels
Careering with their brazen Orbs! The Shout
Of Nations rolls (the Labour of the Winds)
Full on my Ear, and ſhakes my inmoſt Soul.
Deſcription never cou'd ſo well deceive:
'Tis real! TROY is here, or I at TROY

Enjoy

[h] *Tranſlation of* HOMER.

Enjoy the War. My Spirits, all on Fire,
With unextinguiſh'd Violence are born
Above the World, and mingle with the Gods.
Olympus rings with Arms! the Firmament,
Beneath the Light'ning of *Minerva*'s Shield,
Burns to the Center: rock the Tow'rs of Heav'n.
All Nature trembles! ſave the Throne of JOVE.
[1] To root Exceſſes from the human Breaſt;
Behold a beauteous Pile of Ethicks riſe;
Senſe, the Foundation; Harmony, the Walls;
(The *Dorique* grave, and gay *Corinthian* join'd)
Where SOCRATES and HORACE jointly reign.
Beſt of Philoſophers! of Poets too
The beſt! He teaches thee Thyſelf to know:
That Virtue is the nobleſt Gift of Heav'n:
"And vindicates the Ways of GOD to Man."
O hearken to the Moraliſt polite!
Enter his School of Truth; where PLATO's ſelf
Might preach; and TULLY deign to lend an Ear.

Laſt

[1] *Ethic Epiſtles.*

[k] Laſt ſee him waging with the Fools of Rhyme
A wanton, harmleſs War. Dunce after Dunce;
Beaux, Doctors, Templars, Courtiers; Sophs and Cits,
Condemn'd to ſuffer Life. The motley Crew,
Emerging from Oblivion's muddy Pool,
Give the round Face to View; and ſhameleſs Front
Proudly expoſe; till Laughter have her Fill.

Born to improve the Age, and cheat Mankind
Into the Road of Honour!-----Vice again
The gilded Chariot drives:------For He is dead!

I ſaw the ſable Barge, along his *Thames*,
In ſlow Solemnity beating the Tide,
Convey his ſacred Duſt!-----Its Swans expir'd:
Wither'd, in *Twit'nam* Bow'rs, the Laurel-bow;
Silent, the Muſes broke their idle Lyres:
Th' attendant Graces, check'd the ſprightly Dance,
Their Arms unlock'd, and catch'd the ſtarting Tear;
And Virtue for her loſt Defender mourn'd!

[k] *Dunciad.*

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